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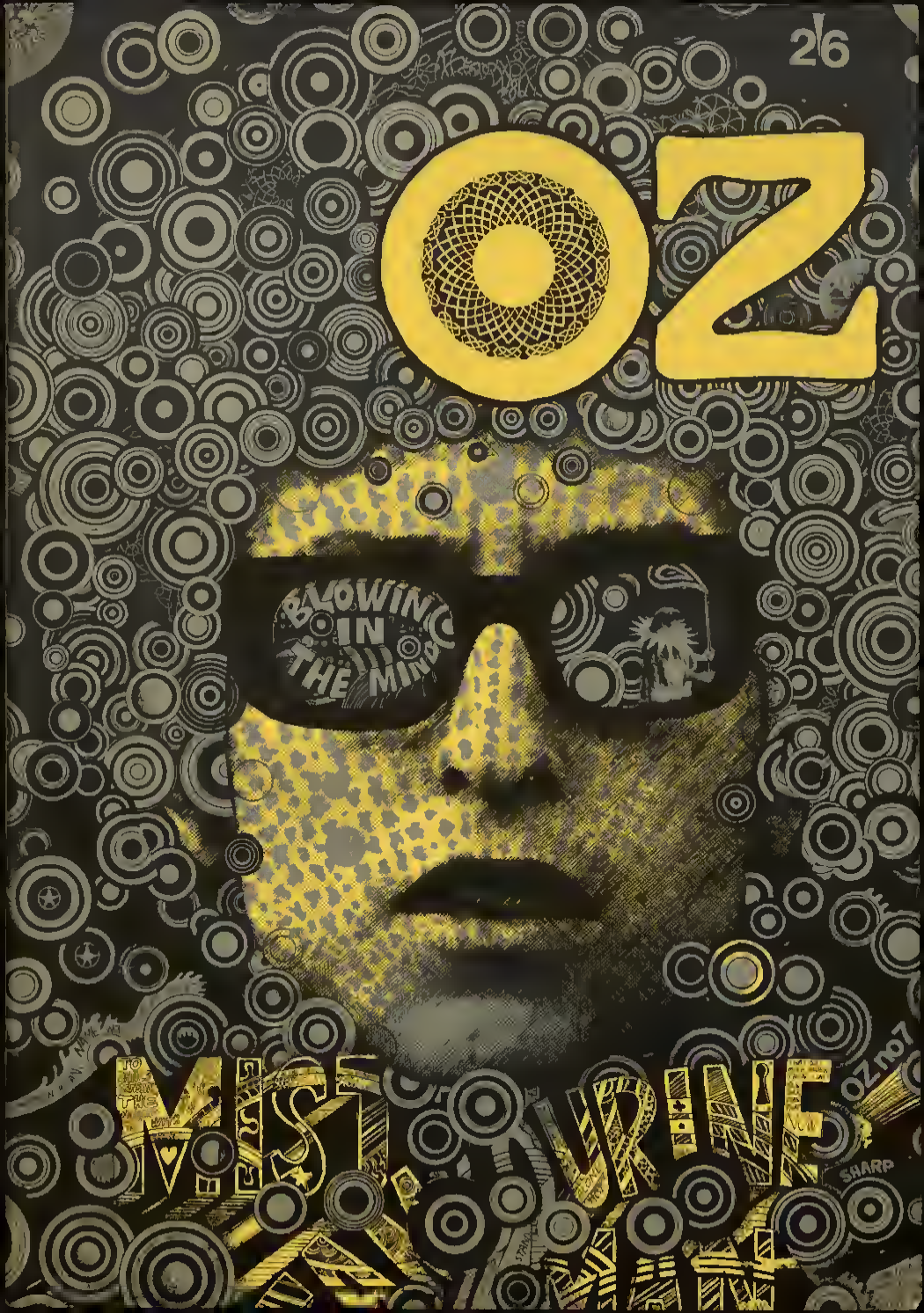

Wog Beach Shock

by Angello Quattrochi

There is in Mediterranean Europe, toughly between fascist Spain & fascist Greece - don't look at political maps, they lie - a country called Italy. For a long time it has been governed by King Masturbation & Queen Prostitution, incestuous children of the same mother - the Catholic Church. The North of Italy has been blessed with factories, the South with the sun. The only music heard in the North is the factory siren, in the south, Church bells. Millions have escaped from the bells to join the slaves of the factory siren - a century old siren with an old raucous voice and a new dollar tail. Professional hypocrite, politicians say, 'it's getting better all the time'. The professional liars, journalists, reiterate 'it's preposterous'. The professional black-skirted virgins, priests, officiate for its captivity. Hell is the place nearest to God. The two M's reign. Mother & Moter-car. Mother teaches you the rudiments of life, washes your socks (all you need is socks...) & teaches you that women will do anything for you but open their legs. Nice women, the Motor car is for doing nice things in with nice girls (from the waist up) and dirty things in with dirty girls (from the waist down). If you mix them up you go and tell the priest (he'll welcome details) & then you marry your mistake, who then becomes another Mother thus closing the circle. Houses are for washing machines, tellies, & the baby - which of course must be kept clean & with socks on. Roads are for going to work, for going away with the family & Auntie at weekends, and for releasing the accumulated sadism. Soccer is for talking with friends. Schools are for rising in society. Cafes are for talking & swearing with male pals. Most Churches are beautiful. Wine is not expensive. Good parents do not teach you to shout about sex because it's dirty, sinful and therefore unmentionable. Flesh mustn't be exposed. The tiny cock of a naked eighteen month old on an Italian beach caused a stir. A little girl of four kept following him, grown-ups pretended not to

see, some called their children, mortally embarassed. The precious father of aneamic doll-like two year old girl, suffered. Young people muttered their disapproval in audible words - old women stared hard. It was a middle-class lake shore. Confrooted with such scandal they were squirming with embarrasment but the management did'nt intervene. In a rather working class swimming pool the reaction was more straightforward - the lifeguard in charge asked us to cover the baby because there were girls around. In their teens boys are encouraged to take cold showers to do physical jerks; and in the coofessionals are told that theyhave sinned because they wet the bed with white stuff. The feeling of guilt attached to all bodily matters is inoculated before puberty & is re-inforced with moral pressures during adolescence. God does not want you to fuck, alright, but not only that, he doesn't eveo wish you to have an erectioo! Girls store their private capital, a stale cunt - boys learn their first lessons with whores. The girl says 'If you want that, go with a pro.' The pro says 'I do what your girl doesn't.' They put bromide in soldiers' soups, leave on statues' pricks and

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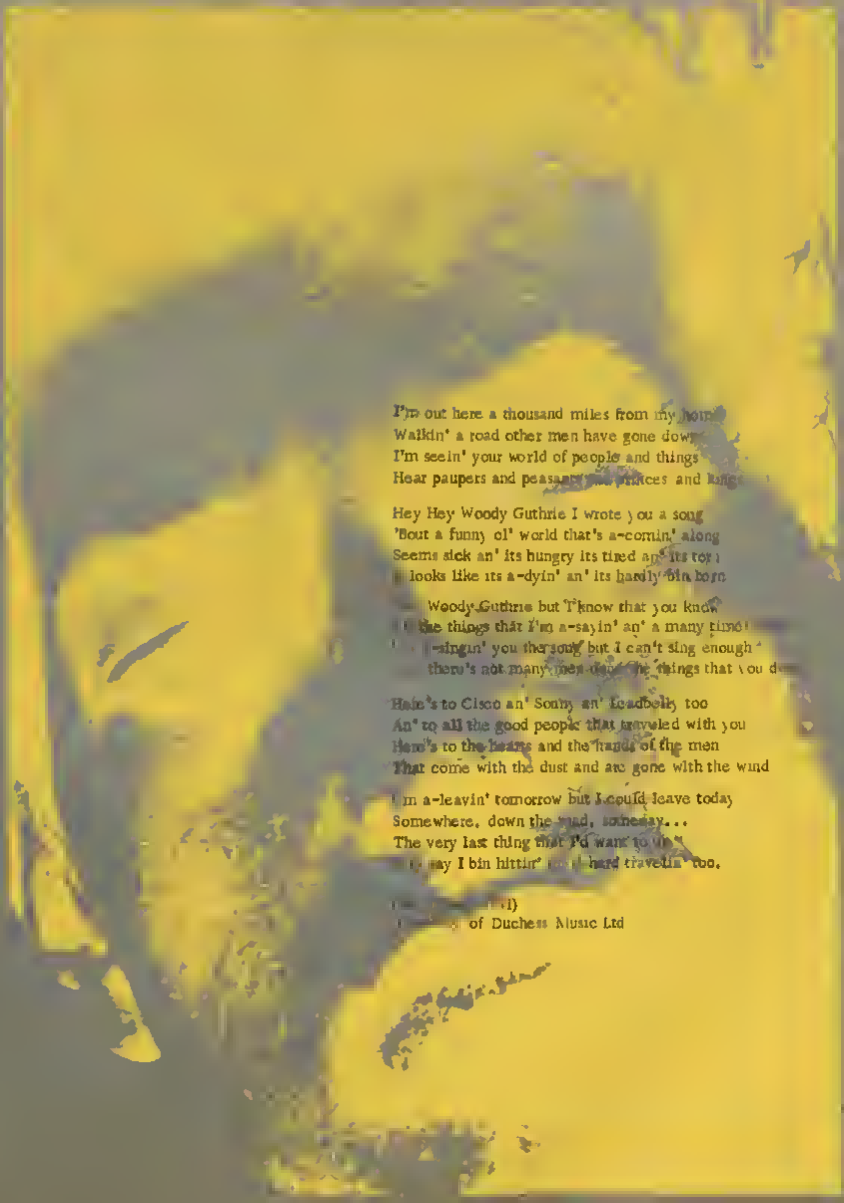


I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Hear paupers and peasants and princes and kings

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an' its hardly bin born

Woody Guthrie but I know that you knew
the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a many time
-singin' you the song but I can't sing enough
there's not many men done the things that you d

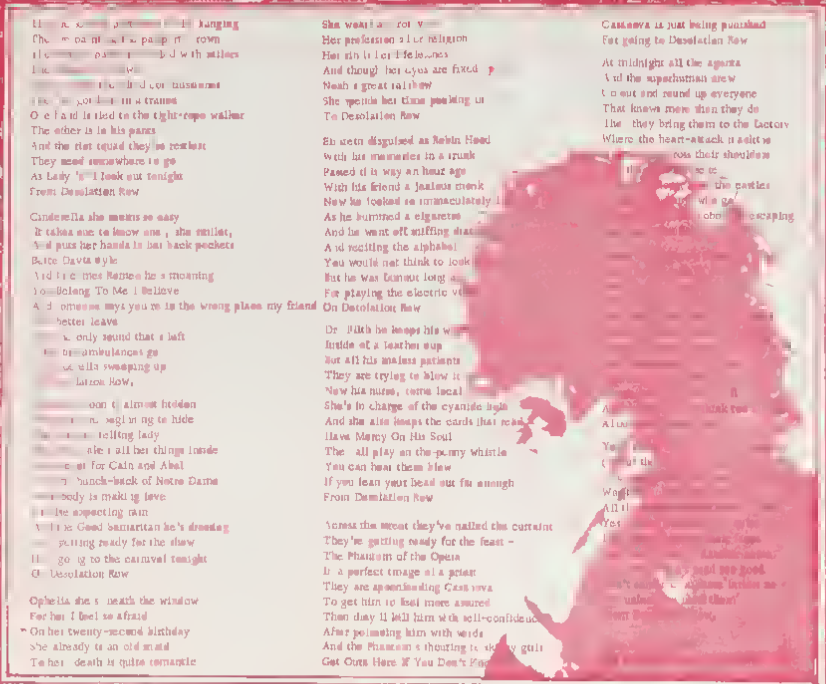
Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leavin' tomorrow but I could leave today
Somewhere, down the road, someday...
The very last thing that I'd want to do
is say I bin hittin' it hard travelin' too.

of Duchess Music Ltd

What's so good about Dylan?

the Beatle



[illegible] hanging
The[illegible] pa[illegible] town
[illegible] filled with sailors
[illegible]
[illegible] the blind commissioner
[illegible] in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other is in his pants
And the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady [illegible] I look out tonight
From Desolation Row

Cinderella she seems so easy
It takes one to know one, she smiles,
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo he's moaning
You Belong To Me I Believe
And someone says you're in the wrong place my friend
[illegible] better leave
[illegible] only sound that's left
[illegible] ambulances go
[illegible] sweeping up
[illegible] lation Row,

[illegible] moon is almost hidden
[illegible] beginning to hide
[illegible] telling lady
[illegible] all her things inside
[illegible] for Cain and Abel
[illegible] hunch-back of Notre Dame
[illegible] body is making love
[illegible] expecting rain
[illegible] Good Samaritan he's dressing
[illegible] getting ready for the show
[illegible] going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

Ophelia she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her death is quite romantic

She wear[illegible] vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed [illegible]
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking in
To Desolation Row

Einstein disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend a jealous monk
Now he looked so immaculately [illegible]
As he bummed a cigarette
And he went off sniffing drai[illegible]
And reciting the alphabet
You would not think to look [illegible]
But he was famous long a[illegible]
For playing the electric vi[illegible]
On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth he keeps his w[illegible]
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They are trying to blow it [illegible]
Now his nurse, some local [illegible]
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
Have Mercy On His Soul
They all play on the penny whistle
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast -
The Phantom of the Opera
In a perfect image of a priest
They are spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
Get Outa Here If You Don't [illegible]

Casanova is just being punished
For going to Desolation Row

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
[illegible] across their shoulders
[illegible]
[illegible] the castles
[illegible]
[illegible] escaping

[illegible] read too good
[illegible]
From Desolation Row.

together a few common denominators as Amis did in the 1950s and as the Beatle-writers do today. Dylan's is a personal perception - the perception of an intelligent acquisitive mind. The focus is sensitive, the expression disciplined and therefore the product is art. At this point it is no longer useful to compare Bob Dylan with other pop stars it may later be constructive instead to measure him against other poets. If Dylan is influenced by early Presley he is also influenced by Whitman, and though he is saying more than Simon-Garfunkel, Lennon or P.F. Sloan, he may be saying less than Yevtushenko, S.T. Coleridge or Stephen Wycherley.

So what is Dylan saying?•

SONG TO WOODY, the first of the two lyrics printed here, expresses the desire for an innocent drop-out, but also, as with Mr. Tambourine Man, the concern to find a new allegiance

"Hey Mr. Tambourine Man play a song for me -
In the jingle-jangle morning I'll come following you."

- and the allegiance declared here is to the inner world. The intention is to come upon self-discovery (I doubt if one can 'come upon it' with quite that facility), to free the mind in the hope that its isolation will bring independent thought. I am not concerned to argue the pros and cons of whether this works in general, or whether, if it does, the independent thinking is likely to be redirected towards "dropping back in" in any socially constructive way It is enough to say that it has w is enough to say that it has worked for Dylan. Drugs have not dulled the finer edges nor restricted his ability to perceive and remain articulate "People should not know more than they can creatively digest,' wrote Neitzche. That Dylan has the capacity for this creative assimilation - it is abundantly clear in his work - is what gives him his authority.

The allegiance sought in SONG TO WOODY is the 'hard travelin'' ethos represented by Guthrie. In that sense it is, too, the world of the American West to which

Hemingway and his 'Lost Generation' looked for fulfilment - and failed to discover. Hemingway could only find instead the masturbation-habit of attending Spanish bullfights. Guthrie, on the other hand, lived a life of Hard Travelin' and the intensity and compassion of Dylan's lyric is confirmed by a reading of the Guthrie autobiography 'Bound for Glory'. The lines

Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

faithfully reflect Guthrie's ethnic sensibility but communicate also (they flow naturally from that undramatic statement of a personal admiration which makes the second line of this fourth stanza so effective) Dylan's pledge of involvement with Guthrie's America. That line in the opening verse acts, in retrospect, as confirmation

I'm seein' your world of people and things

confirmation that, as the rhythmic balance of the lyric insists, Dylan has an incisive grasp of that world and (as part of that reality) of its romantic implications. One notes too that the awareness of the latter is evidence also that Dylan can see the Guthrie World in the context of others. Guthrie's Hard Travelers shared a landscape of dust, wind and poverty, seen on foot and rattled through in over-crowded box-cars. And the wind and dust are evoked in the construction of the song. Lines and syllables take the form of a list: the suggestion is one of restless movement within a pre-ordained pattern of repetition. The felicity of Dylan's intimations of experience within and outside of the ethos described is focused by the combination of the general response personalised

I'm leavin' tomorrow but I could leave today

Somewhere, down r[illegible] someday .....

and the personal response generalised

Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' its hungry its tired an' its torn
It looks like its a-dyin' an' its hardly bin born.

And there, most economically, is the rhythmic and onomatopoeic repetition. Also evoked, one notes, is the acquired fortitude of mild amusement which is the necessary survival-kit of the hard traveler. 'Hey Hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song' pinpoints this with a deceptive ease. That Dylan can render this with such felicitous poignancy is sufficient indication that neither the intention nor the effect is one of ill-considered sentimentalism. And although in 'God On Our Side' he lingers over the line

The country I come from is called the Mid-West

and the romantic vision of dying on a freight train occurs in his version of 'Man of Constant Sorrow' and again in 'It Takes A Lot To Laugh It Takes A Train To Cry', the last two lines of 'Song to Woody' are of at least equal significance:

The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I bin hittin' some hard travelin' too.

With those lines - deriving as they do a particular strength from the clipped reluctant flirtation of the cadence - we are given a greater understanding of the spirit of the lyric as it is stated in the title. To say he'd been hittin' some hard travelin' too is, emphatically, not the last thing he'd want to be able to do. 'Song to Woody', most pungent [illegible] in its pledge of involvement is a plea for that involvement. And it expresses the same inner drive of desire which we find directed elsewhere in 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and again in, say, 'Pledging My Time'. In the one the desire is for the freedom to make a reality out of dancing

beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea

and in the other the desire is to achieve an unknown fulfilment in a personal relationship. Strange that Dylan is so often dismissed as a professional protest-merchant.

When we ask what this rather crude label means, of course, there is no answer - except from those agents of the existing order who disapprove of people who sing for a living and who resent their having opinions. (The most offensive lapel-badge of all, in their eyes, is the one that reminds them in moderate type that BOB DYLAN IS A RATE-PAYER). The label Protest-Merchant, then, is hardly a critical term.

Dylan is, patently, a critic of society. I hope we all are. But Dylan's criticism, as it is presented in his writing, seems to me to be characterised by a personal insight unusually abrasive in quality. Some of his earlier criticism appeared then, and appears more so in retrospect, obvious and, to that extent, naive. 'Blowin In The Wind' and 'Masters of War' are not memorable pieces of writing. It is not simply the clichés that mar them but also the assumption that their inclusion is necessary for the emphasised communication of his theme. The implication is that the listener needs to be spoonfed-

[illegible] Dylan has learnt to trust his public. The criticism of human nature and society, though sometimes harsh and sometimes rendered as an ingenuous reproach, is always offered in a form dictated by his art, not by an anxiety based on lack of trust.

I should like to put a case for judging Dylan's 'Desolation Row' to be a distinguished and brilliantly sustained critique of modern American society.

Desolation Row is a Cannery Row, the logical consequence, in one way at least, of the society surrounding it. Dylan is writing from within Desolation Row and though part of his pessimism is the product of his living there

When you asked me how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?

the intention is not to repeat the theme of, say, North Country Blues, which was basically a chronicle of a community's suffering in the face of encroaching poverty. Dylan's despondence in 'Desolation Row' is his reaction to what he sees around him. And what he sees is life regimented by false values, lived out with dishonesty, norms which produce a denial of humanity being acted upon by man. Dylan explores this unreal society, recognises it as pernicious in its denial of essential human truths and insists upon the urgency of the need to assert and re-establish these.

He communicates his conviction of society's perversity, in the first place, by a sustained reversal of norms within the logic of the poem – the beauty-parlour is filled with sailors and it is the riot squad that is restless. Casanova, the dominating lover, is being spoon-fed. Romeo is moaning. And the determined use of a [illegible] careful [illegible] participants in and agents of this world of sick disorder emphasises his theme. There is Bette Davis, Cain and Abel, the hunchback of Notre Dame, the Good Samaritan, Ophelia, Noah, Einstein, Robin Hood, the Phantom of the Opera, Casanova, Romeo, Nero, Neptune, Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot – not to mention Dr. Filth. There is Cinderella too, but she is the exception. She is, with Dylan, on Desolation Row. She is victim, not agent, and therefore she is less of a victim. But though she can afford to be more honest – to live outside the law you must be honest – [illegible] the front [illegible] long – the real sweeping up must be done outside, across the street, where they've nailed the curtains.

The other general characteristic of the poem is the recurrent [illegible]

The commissioner, who is blind, is tied (by one hand) to the tight-rope walker and

All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain.

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to [illegible]
The fortune-telling [illegible]
Has even taken all her [illegible]
inside ....

But it's the single line:
'The Titanic sails at dawn'
which is most strikingly evocative of catastrophe. It summarises with the conciseness of the true artist the theme and colouring of the whole poem. It is the Titanic which epitomises present-day American society as Dylan interprets it, for the Titanic was the ship of the future, the proof of man's progress and civilisation, the unsinkable ship which, on her [illegible] the [illegible] sank the majority of her passengers refused to believe it could happen, the palm court orchestra played on and the people in the ship's ballroom continued to dance.

The differ [illegible]

[illegible]
that [illegible]
[illegible]

The first two [illegible] place [illegible] general picture [illegible] the nature of the poem [illegible] offered and lays the [illegible] of its [illegible]. The only specific [illegible] that compared [illegible] that

the riot squad [illegible]
They need somewhere to go.

That the society [illegible] riot-quelling machinery out on the streets is a denial of its democratic basis, and that this arrangement is taken for granted – accepted as normal – is indicative of the malaise which a corrupted system of government inculcates in the process of rendering its citizens morally, as well as politically, impotent.

In the third stanza – again with a striking economy of language – Dylan questions the essential quality and effectiveness of modern humanitarian liberalism in the context of the society he sees.

And the Good Samaritan he's dress

[illegible] the days ... [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] already began to fade. The darkness is already closing in, [illegible] not the sort of darkness [illegible] should encourage dressing [illegible]. Like everybody's [illegible] love it is an inappropriate response. It exposes that lethal [illegible] against which Dylan is concerned to speak out.

This is why, in the final stanza, Dylan demands of his correspondent that she submit herself to the experience of being on Desolation Row - the one place where it remains possible to possess, or re-discover, an honesty of response. There is, after all, nothing Desolation Row can offer in the way of compromising or deluding alternative. Consequently the letter received from outside communicates nothing beyond what Dylan knows already of that outside society. His receiving it, therefore, is of no importance to him at all

Yes I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door-knob broke) ..

That pay-off line is beautiful, as Dylan's put-downs usually are.

In this final stanza of 'Desolation Row' The real emphasis is on the hope that the girl from outside will come to the Row, to be redeemed, as it were:

Don't send me no more letters no -
Not unless you mail them from
Desolation Row.

This blindness which is under attack (it is a society of commissioners with which Dylan is dealing) is examined in terms of a kind of cause and effect in stanzas eight and nine. Stanza eight is an indictment of the tightly-organised human betrayal which the American educational system represents. It is portrayed as essentially a nightmarish machinery for bringing the potential enemies of the status quo - the potential saviours, the independent thinkers - into line

At midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do

Mockingly, Dylan shows that the system's 'education' consists in the maintenance of ignorance. Moreover, that 'crew', in the context, asserts in combination with the opening phrase 'At midnight', the telling connotative suggestion of collective vandalism, political purges and press-gangs. The over-riding element of violence, then, is evoked in those first two lines of the verse. We are forewarned of the 'heart-attack machine', the kerosene and the near-impossibility of escape.

The consequent powerlessness of the individual, in the face of all this, is a conclusion urged upon us also by the link with Kafka's vision of life contained in the remainder of the stanza - the kerosene is

brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is
escaping
To Desolation Row.

Stanza nine deals with the result of this extermination of individuality and returns us to the element of urgency which Dylan finds consonant with his analysis.

Everybody is shouting
Which Side Are You On

Perhaps the pain-[illegible] [illegible] playing it ... And "Which Side Are You On?", one remembers, is the song used by the Chorus in Duberman's play 'In White America'.

So we have Dylan's America, presented with a power of conviction for which his artistry is responsible. What we have in 'Desolation Row' is far removed from the blanket, grating assemblage of accusation which pop-protesters like Mr. Barry McGuire will always assume to be adequate and worthy of attention. Neither is it a product of the easy occupation of preaching to the converted. Dylan does not preach - he offers his comment, throws out the hint but with the poet's virility. And even for those who are, in a general sense, "converted" to the view that American society is nauseously uncivilised, Dylan's analysis is of a quality likely to make its expression in the poem a means of enhancing the reader's awareness. That is its value.

Where I think Dylan is immature in his judgement is in contending as he does in that ninth stanza that Eliot and Pound have sold out to the non-human values. Eliot in

continued on page 2

COCK UP SPANIELS

David Widgery

[illegible] intellectuals [illegible] a living [illegible] and integration [illegible] to the values and purposes [illegible] Establishment. Where [illegible] every European capitalist country [illegible] in some form, a self aware antagonistic intelligentsia with [illegible] historical and social [illegible] our spaniels have our [illegible] the grain and are tidily housebreakable from it. The papers [illegible] vacuity with its reader's dependent on their shared interest in [illegible] commodities, clothes and cars anything rather [illegible] ideas because the profound British philistinism of our spaniel [illegible] finds it very hard of a belief difficult and disgusting. The absence of ideas does not of course prevent a great deal of pompous reflection by the graduates of some of our finest universities.

[illegible] Coverdale [illegible] a little magazine Bloomsbury and has [illegible] Muggeridge can be loud guarding the [illegible] the two thoughts he has every year. Maurice [illegible] London moved his home to Jersey so he could receive BBC2 and [illegible] care deeply about Heathlowe and social [illegible] people don't really realise [illegible] are still thought of as part of the social [illegible] like Graduate courses in Philosophy and [illegible] Parts on Modern Literature, to one reads them but they [illegible] the paper tone. Nowadays Tony Benn, Connely and Mortimer [illegible] order to find a title index and among the tea rose by post adverts but their tone of magnificent authority is still there.

Both papers care a lot about politics and war reporting. They run long editorials about Poverty and Race and Hunger when these topics are occasionally uncovered by events. While the politics, especially the Observer's editorial line on Rhodesia and Africa and ST and defence may tend to radical, where it counts they accept throughout the logic of Wilsonism: modernisation, efficiency, growthism and the Freeze That Will Hurt (i.e. hurt the working class and the social programmes). The message, reflected SO ways in a dense infatuation with the present which is a terrible scheme for the million or so people who read these papers, who also own 67% or so of capital wealth and 82% of personal wealth, who take the lion's share of the public social services and the elephant share of occupational welfare and tax allowances. Both papers editorial on Greece. Detroit and Vietnam have been hurt and rather angry that everyone is so irrational. But its rationality is seen when the Sundays come to deal with the extremists who plot all these undesirable outbreaks. The ST systematically witchhunts. Examples: the 63 Greek Visit, the Society for Anglo Chinese Understanding, The Amalgamated Engineering [illegible] the National Union of Students, The National Union of [illegible] in all of which cases the ST has caused partisan [illegible] before an election of meetings which names and smears [illegible] mongers. The Observer has got the reporters to manage this very often but does its bit with Gunkshaw scissors and paste Kremlinology (which reached lower depths of vulgarity in his obituary of Deutscher) and its purchase of the Svetlana memoirs at a price which one can only hope will bankrupt the paper. The Sunday Times can report with extreme efficiency and technical ability on any given conflict, but this news is so skilfully handled by these great agencies of misinformation, that it becomes just the basis for radical action but a palliative to it. The full colour coverage of the Vietnam and Israel Wars submerge us in a cluster of facts and opinion probe and analysis but they manage to leave the reader [illegible] this world of powers and maps and drag[illegible] sadly he Montgomery's Desert War.

But the central feebleness of their thoug[illegible] philosophunalism aired by Antony Samp[illegible] whose prose attr[illegible] at the complete tepid [illegible] reality (i.e. those of Cambridge and [illegible] the Observer editor which consists of [illegible] John McGlashan or Michael Braun to [illegible] of Debs. Not truth writing is required for [illegible] articles but what we get is the belief that [illegible] that we are living in the time of a social revo[illegible] class is equal in Britain (the O has applied its [illegible] watching comprehensive schools, Birmingham and [illegible] universities). So Forget those dole queues that grow, the [illegible] rooms that fill the houses that rot and the old lady who [illegible] hurt delightedly pulled a comic book out of the dustbin across the street. In this land where all that matter is stable the revolution is [illegible] North Sea Gas, the struggle is one to turn a tank the right [illegible] wound again, the discovery of a delicious new [illegible] soap we've found, we keep the strawberry next to the [illegible] The only change they dare hope for is change in fashion [illegible] totally. Millers Monitor "will break through the old [illegible] totally striking and presumptuous and the defeat of all [illegible] the most conventional viewer". David Frost will [illegible] new-style FCO [illegible] youth leader [illegible] verge of delinquency.

And all that it never demonstrates is the wretched [illegible] their moral imagination: the fact that they have sold out without even being aware of the transaction. What's left is a pantomime of ruling class ethics: the part vulgarity and [illegible] condescension of Brierley and Hers. John Crosby, like Dr [illegible] without guilt, determined to laugh his way out of anything [illegible] serious. The fashion pages which aren't about clothes [illegible] longer but beautiful nervous costumes to tide them over [illegible] blackness of the present. The supplement dream world not for people but for consumers who want to look like a director's smell like a man and have electrified teeth. It's a picture book world designed for evasion, and consists of what Hoggart called "anti life value full of a corrupt brightness of hypocritic appeals and moral evasions". The nervous twitches of the prose are the hectic verbless sentences, the oral phrases and the eternal use of the Observer. We as if to prove there is some kind of intellectual between the fashion staff and Life. The language attempts a flawed ambiguity which distances itself from its own excesses (as in the Atticus bad pun titles) and this in turn reflects an uncertain unstated relationship with its audience, uncertain because it has no basis. It cannot be intellectual, ideal or values but rather in styles and behaviour. It is in the gossip feature that the Observer is being most honest: conversational chit chat, object inflated. It is culture of a decaying class consisting not of ideas but ideas about ideas covers rather than reviews, but gossip better than both. It differs from the Guardians Miscellany and the Observer's Colour Section only in the degree of self decent. Its a culture entirely appropriate to its audience whose real problems are about au pairs, water proof leg make up, young children on aeroplanes and what to say at the next publishers' party. Not an antagonism to consumer values but a celebration of them. For there is no problem so serious that it can't be solved with a new negligee and "any girl who gets by on a petticoat and a warm pair of pajamas deserves to sleep alone".

Its a world of spaniel words and spaniel ideas, some are friendly, some are even intelligent but they are all happiest when they are rolling on their backs.

MICHAEL X & THE FLOWER CHILDREN

Because black people in this country and in America comprise such a small percentage of the population, how can you possibly expect a victory by force?

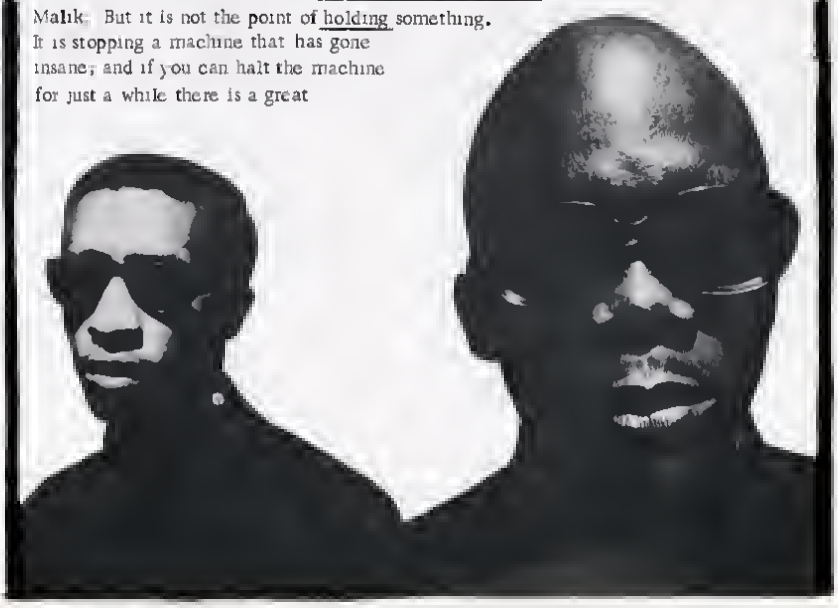
Malik: Don't you realise that the struggle is international and of the 3000,000,000 people in the world, only a small percentage are of non coloured races, like white?
You are outnumbered by 2 to 1 at least.

But there are different battle-fronts, aren't there? Australia doesn't let any coloured people in, so you could never help the aborigines. And in America the whites could go out and shoot every black person they wanted to.

Malik: One of the strange things about the black man in the white western world is that he lives in the cities. Now he has proven that he can control the city because in Watts, which was the first experiment in this kind of thing, it took just 20 men to flatten it. By the time they reached Detroit, they were that efficient that the numbers had been cut down ...it took only 11 men to stop Detroit. It would take no more than 6 men in London to halt London completely. Obviously we can win.

But for how long could the 11 men halt Detroit and the 6 men halt London?

Malik: But it is not the point of holding something.
It is stopping a machine that has gone insane; and if you can halt the machine for just a while there is a great



possibility that the thinkers insider of there will start thinking of what they are doing, because if you look...if 6 men can stop 16 million from moving in the London area then surely you have to sit and think and not allow the machine to get out of control, bloody. The system is driving us as a people completely insane. I recognise the type of insanity that they are trying to throw at me. I too am being dehumanised and I resent that.

But there are whites who have already begun to think and begun to act and you won't work with them. Recently the chance of an alternative political party in America was leopardised because even the extreme radical whites weren't able to work with the black militants. The blacks were unco-operative. There was a break up of this potential party. Don't you think it would have been tactically wiser to have joined forces with the radical whites and to have co-operated in establishing an alternative political party?

Malik: To begin with the party that calls itself 'radical white', is no such thing - it will be just a pack of other vicious white men; that's what they really are because they will sit and intellectualise about a lot of nonsense but they will do nothing about it when it comes to actually working.

Let's take for example the hippie element. They will do something positive about the system, like they will not pay attention to it - they intend to ignore it, depriving the politicians and so on of themselves as little pawns which the politicians call voters, and in this they have negated the very actions of these politicians. Now our arguments against the society and the system as a whole is one wherein there is no other answer but to destroy the system, there is no nature of a compromise, there is no compromise position that I can ever come to with the existant system. I could not use their structure. For example I could not use their machinery of the electorate and have one of us elected who will become Prime Minister or an M.P. or something - this doesn't mean anything because then we will have to operate with the same system and we too will be oppressors. What it is we would like to see done with the system is the total destruction of it, wherein a new sense of values will be established, wherein human beings will be the important thing that the system will be set up to protect. The present system is set to protect material things, property. This we think is one of the key bits of insanity in the present machine that is being run. Where it has gone mad. And this we will change. So I couldn't possibly join up with these type of people nor could I possibly think of ever running for an election. This is not the kind of thing we are at - I don't want to be Prime Minister of anywhere.

Although you say you can't work with white people, you seem to share hippie sentiments. Do you think you will ever co-operate with them?

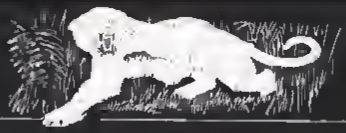
Malik: We try to talk now which is very important - we cannot talk to anybody else in the community. We go through the motions of talk but we don't hear each other, whereas the hippies and ourselves have a pretty reasonable understanding. We listen to each other which doesn't mean we have to act on what each one says. For example, in the present issue of the Los Angeles Free press, you will see that Rap Brown is talking to the hippies in America. Take the present issue of IT and you will see that I am talking to the hippies here in England - so we are on a talking relationship, both in America and here and that's not coincidence.

You once said that amongst a sea of white faces in a riot, you wouldn't recognise any individual white faces. Would you see the hippies?

Malik: Well, man, if we can't see them we're going to going to hear them - they've taken precautions about that. They've put bells about their bloody necks.

You say that black or white men are essentially different. That they have a different frame of reference. That's what racists like Mike Hoare and Governor Wallace say. How would you differ from them?

Malik: I can understand hippies because they talk and they make themselves very clear - people like Mike Hoare and other racists also make their positions plain - now the vast majority of the white people in the world, I find, never make their positions plain. They say one thing and they do another. This makes it very difficult for me to understand such people, because basically I recognize and like the honest ones. I like those who say what they mean and do what they mean and what they say - so people like Mike Hoare, I understand him; it's not a matter of a cat I'd want to have breakfast with in the morning.



Photos by Horace Ove

I do believe that the black peoples and the white peoples are basically quite different. Like we have had different types of experience all our lives, things that you know, I don't know. Simple things, like talking about this electoral system I don't know anything about that because I have never been there. I have no idea of what it is like to be white and free, just like you have no idea of what it is like to be black and be a slave. You may look in on it but you don't really know the feelings inside of it. I'm sure you have no idea of what your girlfriend feels like when she is pregnant. She may tell you, but you can never really feel that. This is something which is private only to her, and there is really no way she can get that feeling into you. I can give you as much as a look in as I can, as much as my pride and my ego and my sufferings, my pain and my joys and everything else will allow me to show you me.

I want to show you me, I want desperately to show all of me, because no doubt you might be able to communicate with the cat, whoever he is and he must exist, who can do something to change this nonsense that is happening, that fellow exists, he must live somewhere and I wish he could find out. I think they keep the news from him, whoever they are, they must, because if he knew and he was a just man he wouldn't allow what is happening now to happen.

He wouldn't allow us to be going completely along a path which is really to our own destruction - and his - because we have been driven so far now that the language we talk is "if we can't live in them fine houses now then none is going to live in them". I think this is a very just statement, I think this is very very just and a great lot of our people think it is very very just. One can intellectualise their way in and out of that, they can say I'm right and they can say I am wrong, and they can argue it anyway they want. I'm not interested in that. I'm just telling you what I'm saying. So you can see what I am at and from there we can begin, you know, sorting that out.

A lot of white people are becoming involved with your problems even if sometimes only superficially.

like journalists out for a story. Certainly the white people in Watts and the people who rode freedom buses, they might have done the wrong thing but they were involved in the problem, black against white. I just wonder if black people ever get involved in other problems outside the race one. Say, the incredible oppression of the working classes in this country, the white working classes.

Malik. What you said clears up so much about what it is the National Press ignores about us. Like recently the hippies have set up a body called 'Release' designed to defend themselves when they get themselves arrested. Now before they had set that up, the facilities that they used for this purpose were our facilities which is a life organisation called 'Defense'.

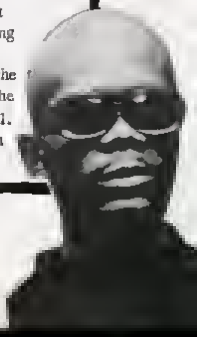
Now you may have heard of something called the London Free School, which John Hopkins dreamt up a long time ago - I worked very hard with him and we did some very nice things in the Notting Hill area. Our mob has been working at all manner of strange things for people for centuries but no one seems to have known about it or otherwise you couldn't have asked such a question. We have worked in all manner of strange things, like we acted non violently before violently which is doing something for people, because that in itself is what has kept the human race alive. Otherwise we should have exterminated every white man a long time ago.

Stokey Carmichael

Michael X (Malik)

Surely if we all fucked each other the race problem would cease after a few generations?

Malik. I think this is a very wild and silly fantasy because Mr. Wilson certainly doesn't want his son to go fuck that pigmy girl I know down in the Congo, that isn't the kind of thing he will want done to his son and his son most certainly doesn't what that chick. And I don't want Princess Anne or Queen Elizabeth, you know, they just don't turn me on. There will always be white people and there will always be black people and there will always be yellow people. And all other manner of strange shades, greys, and yellows and browns and in betweens, they will always exist. That type of argument doesn't really me an anything to me. Whether it is we can do things by being exactly what I am, a big nigger, that's what I am, a black man. Whether it is I can remain a black man and at the same time relate to you, who is the white man. Whether we would be able to establish a talking relationship, a working relationship and a loving relationship between ourselves. Now this is important. But I don't want you to become me to do so. I want you to be you but a good you not the evil you, and I don't want to be the evil me in order to relate with you. But if I have to become the white man in order to relate to you then I am becoming the evil me, because the white man is evil. I want to be just me, and let us relate to each other, see what we can give to each other, and then in that there will be no tensions.



Notes from his pre-trial, Sept.29.

The press went to Reading and reported most of the words but none of the drama of the proceedings.

Because the prosecution had no complete record of Malik's contentious utterances, witnesses present at the Rainbow Hall speech were called to recall the bits they remembered or had noted at the time. Thus the record of the speech pieced together by the prosecution was a series of sensationalised statements plucked out of context and divorced from narrative logic.

Most of Malik's alleged speech was reproduced in the dailies. One quote was conspicuous by its absence:

Malik (to reporters). "You bastards follow me wherever I go and you write lies about me. Buy the paper tomorrow and you will see the lies they have written."

During the trial a negro rose from the gallery, walked to the dock and handed Malik a note. Spying this, a young ginger-headed policeman hurried to the dock and ordered Malik to surrender it. "Oh go away little boy", said Malik.

Further insults followed until the policeman left empty handed.

A clean cut, chiseled faced, self satisfied reporter from the Express, Brian Park, was the first to give evidence of Malik's speech. He was questioned at the end.

Malik: Do you understand black people when they talk.

Park: Yes, just as I hope they understand me.

Malik: Are you mamma-guy?

Park: I beg your pardon. I do not understand you.

After a fruitless quarrel between the Court and the defendent, Malik sighed: "We are not speaking the same language. We are on a different wave length".

Magistrate: No. We are speaking basic English.

Most of the proceedings were unforgettably boring. This was because the witnesses were duplicating each other's testimony and their depositions were recorded by an antique, non electric, non sound proof typewriter.

Prosecutor: Were you at Rainbow Hall on July 24?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat..

Prosecutor: Did you take notes?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

Prosecutor: Have you those notes with you now?

Witness: Yes.

Typewriter: Ratatatatatatatat.

Etc.

During the trial a black member of the gallery lit a cigarette. A policeman swept over and ordered him to remove it. The black man stared angrily back at the policeman, cigarette jutting defiantly. No one moved. Suddenly another black man jumped up and extracted the cigarette. The policeman retreated and the two black brothers bickered furiously.

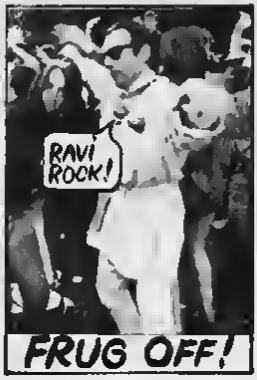
Occasionally the proceedings were interrupted by Malik's emotional outbursts ... "I cannot speak a language I cannot understand.....I will desperately try and communicate.....I am not going to play your game..."

The two magistrates, Clerk of the Court, witnesses and policemen all fidgeted uncomfortably and uncomprehendingly during those ejaculations. Once, one of them responded bewilderdly, "But we are not playing a game."


NOTHING BUT FLOWER CHILDREN
NOT FOR NOTHING AM I, DEREK DREDGE DEMON HACK OF FLEET ST, THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD OF THE GLOSSIES (NOT FOR NOTHING), FOR ABOUT TEN GRAND PER ANNUM, + EXPENSES.
SCANING THE SCENES WITH MY SOPHISTICATED EYE, WHAT DO I FIND FOR MY GREEDY READERS...? FLOWERS ARE THEY MERELY AN FEAT OF FASHIONABLE
THE BRITISH EMPIRE SPENDS 200 YEARS UNLOADING BEADS ON THE NATIVES IN 9 MONTHS WE GET THEM ALL BACK AGAIN
THE QUEST - FEARLESSLY FORWARD INTO THE DOMAIN OF THE SHY DIGGER DUKE
JOSS STICKS TO BLOW THE SENSES KALEIDOSCOPE TO BLOW THE MIND
A FLUTE JUST TO BLOW
PSYCHEDELICATESSEN
LOVE LOVE LOVE
RECONNAISSANCE
...LURK, SURVEY THE GRUESOME SCENES... WANDERING IMMORAL GIRLS TINKLING TINY ORNAMENTS (ARTIFICIAL ROSE BY COURTESY OF FORTNUM & MASON)
IT'S MY TURNED ON CREDIT CARD
I LOVE YOU, BUT SMILE, OR I'LL RIP YOUR PETALS OFF
BRIMMING WITH CONFIDENCE, I TAKE IN 'THE SCENE'
AS I FEARED IN MY BEST DREAMS... I REVEAL THAT I AM NOT A HIPSTER BUT A HUCKSTER
I BELIEVE I MAY EXPOSE MYSELF TODAY
THIS IS WHERE IT IS AT
I MEET THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AT LAST!
MEGALOMANIA STRIKES!
I SHALL READ FROM I CHING, PEANUTS, THE KORAN...
ON SECOND THOUGHTS I SHALL READ FROM MY OWN WORKS

by A Haden-Guest/Keith Morris

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

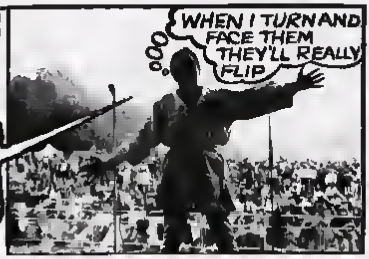


TWO LUMPS AND A MACRO-BIOTIC SAUSAGE ROLL PLEASE

WHY DON'T WE ROLL ONE HERE, MAN?

»MEGALOMANIA 2

MY 'PRIVILEDGE' SCENE...



FLOWER POWER! MOWER POWER! MAO POWER!

THIS HAS BEEN MY MOST TRANDENCENTAL EXPERIENCE OF THE WEEK...

NEXT WEEK, HOW I BECOME AN INSTANT GURU*

smalls

[illegible]

[illegible]

come underwater

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] simple [illegible], the [illegible] "King every single corner [illegible] apple with the golden skin, where [illegible] sin and to be old is deadly, sh[illegible] desperately the [illegible] Portobello Rd, barricaded in Kings Rd, surrounded by photographers' flashes and miserable, [illegible] flattery you forget your undeveloped bitches: the teenagers wasting their spunk on their [illegible] the young cunts rusting, the forlorn hands never finishing the job, the misery of the segregation of the sexes, the tyranny of garters, the [illegible] coitus interruptus, the darkness of orgasm [illegible] the mental fatigue of the [illegible] you wouldn't have time for your dalliance, [illegible] where the bread is so meagre, where every [illegible] eye spells danger and every female eye spells unwillingness.

[illegible] very easy to sleep with comfortable dollies [illegible] the psychedelic era. Hyde Park [illegible] but the parks in Milan are still in the hands of the enemy.

[illegible] should have been there when the police [illegible] destroyed the first hippie camp (two thousand [illegible] in Via Ripamonti in Milan, early this [illegible] There aren't any hippies there yet, it's [illegible] for joy, it's still time for anger. You [illegible] of love, they ask for freedom [illegible]

[illegible] advocates here-and-now flower [illegible] Europe, and England should be like [illegible] the flowers to sunny Italy, darkened [illegible] oppression. Don't just send the slogans [illegible] love not war) don't just send the generah [illegible] pop group). Here they are tired of listening [illegible] the words of the Beatles, those tenors of the [illegible] promising an impossible paradise. Italian [illegible]

[illegible] stuffed with hand[illegible] of phosphorous. How [illegible] guns around!

Our only salvation [illegible] form a new International [illegible] smell of a lack, of a [illegible] everything.

I've told you this about [illegible] help them. You don't [illegible] give [illegible] any.

Grow [illegible] and spread the [illegible] ply the numbers of heaven [illegible] The crows will die.

by Polly Peachum

The American is a very clean sort of person. (There are some who say he has to be, because cleanliness is about the only thing he has going for him.) At the laundromat, his oversized boxes shorts and Interlock undershirts are never just bleached - they're double bleached. He sports what must be the driest armpits in all of Christendom. And no American bathroom cabinet is complete without its family size bottle of mouthwash. (Recently, a new mouthwash 'very concentrated golden brush drops' entered the market. There it no doubt that part of its appeal was the subliminal suggestion that unheard of sexual successes wait the Man with the Golden Breath.) The female of the species - against all sorts of reasonable medical advice, douches once, or even twice a day with a Tampasan-made powder put out in individual pre-measured packettes that are guaranteed to make her feel more than just clean. The packetes like the concentrated breath drops are conveniently miniaturized for easy portability. You are intended to add to your breath and what out, the way you might reapply your lipstick-namely, often. At home, hung defiantly behind every All-American girl's bathroom door are yards and yards of terrifying equipment, to bare testimony, I suppose, to a routine of manditory cleansing, not to mention the owner's sexual emancipation and, no doubt, availability. It is no surprise, then, to learn that mere seconds after the final blinding moment of ecstasy, Mister and Miss Clean race each other to the bathroom with a fanatic and competitiveness unmatched anywhere in or out of the animal kingdom. No American male or female ever wants to be unclean a second longer than necessary - no matter what the circumstances. Where opportunities for contamination are likely to be frequent, a two-bathroom dwelling is chosen. It is the only reasonable explanation for the new system which provides one bedroom apartments with His and Her bathrooms. (A Texas store does His n' Her bath-tubs).

This probably also explains why many American resort hotels which specialize in honeymooners are fit to present in their chief attraction circular Roman bath - tiled sunken and six feet in diameter. One place in Pennsylvania goes so far as to pump over, in its advertisements, its colour TV, heated pool, late-late-late sleepyhead breakfasts, roaring log fires and high fidelity mood music, in favour of a full paged picture of a heartshaped bathtub. One can only postulate that lascivious honeymooners prefer to start their married life with the cleanest sort of copulation - in a bathtub, heartshaped to provide a touch of romance for those who may find it still a little too conjugal for embraces.

Without a doubt, behind this preoccupation with cleanliness is a great national cagginess on to attend. It has not yet occurred to Americans that being chronically preoccupied with offending is even more offensive. (When an American woman gently inquires of her partner during intercourse Have you climed yet? she betrays a passion for cleanliness at least 100 points more offensive than the mildly peeptry armpits the wonder about so incessantly. If her partner is not American that is. If he is, he might very well reply, equally tenderly, NO, honey, have you?).

It has been suggested that cleanliness in these cases is nothing more than impersonality. The ideal American coupling, see fools, is that of two central plastic-fink bodies that try to leave each other as untouched in possible both physically and emotionally. (In the Underground Uplift Button Shop, a button says 'Love is alive and well in Mexico City'. 'It just doesn't want to get involved'. 'Follow me, if you want uncomplicated Love' says another. Americans in lovers are very much the same as Americans in tourists. Getting there is half the fun, did after all sum off in an American tourist slogan. The American tourist likes to snap himself in the whole business of travel. He buys countless guidebooks, even learns the language, gets all excited, but, once he gets there somehow never sins up to eat much of the food in talks to the natives. Afterwards, though, he dont talk about it a lot. At least, he makes a point of boasting he's been there, though he'll also express his disappointment on many occasions and discourage others from following his steps.

So the lover. He dont run like to take no fun an answer. Money is never any object. (The Americans have a contemptuous term for the girl who putt out without being bought in some way first. At an girl here said, 'I'd rather be a whore than a freebie -) And of course, for the country of one there are many guidebooks. The lovers like the tourists like their guidebooks symmetric. Listen to the blurb on the back of Robert Street's best selling paperback of Modern Sex Techniques- It starts, With admirable frankness, the authors present detailed step by step instructions for achieving mutual sexual satisfaction. These include a directive to be carried out on the bridal night, which has the groom comparing the book's diagrams of the female reproductive system with his real life counterpart!

Now that the American passion for efficiency it always such a bad thing. There is a type of American made to order for the age of computer who becomes he likes to know all the answers, also all the questions. We have seen their questionnaires on other topics- The erotic questionnaire is just as detailed. 'Do you have a favourite position? 'Is there any position of caress you particularly like/dislike?'

But the goal of the questioner is not a bout of prolonged pleasure with less of the usual awkward intermission-standings. It is orgasm for both partners. ('Orgasms, for male man in trade' is a popular brown.) the Big 'O' - the only measure of sexual success American men (and women) will accept, and a favour few American woman are willing to make available to any but a chosen few (They don't mind getting off their verse to spite their lover if it means bringing down a male ego a couple of notches. That's the battle of the sexes for you.) What happens, then, if that often unusual encounter with this sort of woman, (the first it invariably, if only symbolically, with his mother) many American men will give up. They either become homosexual or merely passive. Like the man who had me on the brink of finally yielding to his impressive blandishments when he ruined everything by sinking gracefully back on the sofa, flinging out his arms and exhorting with more than a trace of coquettishness 'Do something spectacular!')

Being young and inexperienced I imagined he wanted me to don a spangled Uncle Sam costume and do a tap dance on his hand and waiting jolly hally, but Americans aren't kinky like the English, and all he meant was 'Do anything, the more interesting, the better, but just get the responsibility off MY tired shoulders!' In a country where women like to win, an man wants to be in a position of always being the loser.

It is no accident that the American man's term for 'scoring' with the opposite sex is 'getting laid', as in, 'I got laid last night.' (What are you going to do to me?' I once heard a man ask a woman in a Times Square bar.) Passive, perhaps, but at least no one's going to call him he's no good in bed. This mentality accounts for the strong oral motif in American wall writings. Buttons that say 'Dracula sucks,and 'LXIX' for cutesy 'Frode lives', 'END THE WAR IN VIETNAM', and 'I FEEL SEXY, HOW ABOUT YOU?'

Andy Warhol's film, BLOWJOB never fails to draw large crowds, even though it consists of nothing more than thirty-three minutes of the head and shoulders of a young man whose facial expression rarely varies. (Why should it? He doesn't want to get involved.) No American man does. Though all are in analyst because they are looking for a meaningful relationship. And with the acute man shortage in America, in the cities anyway, no man has to. I think it was Tom Wolfe who commented that American men are now developing all the

IN BED WITH THE AMERICANS

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

JOHN LENNON

To star ng

ROY KINNEAR · LEE MONTAGUE · JACK MacGOWRAN

MICHAEL HORDERN · JACK HEDLEY · Also starr ng KARL MICHAEL VOGLER

SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES WOOD · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY PATRICK RYAN · PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY RICHARD LESTER · ASSOCIATE PRODUCER DENIS O'DELL

EASTMAN COLOUR A Petersham Films Ltd. Production

If you think Richard Lester's 'HOW I WON THE WAR' is just another war film- forget it.

NOW SHOWING **LONDON PAVILION**

Switch on to **Penthouse** this month and devour Michael Thomas's 5,000-word celebration of hippiedom, the fullest, liveliest, most understanding article on the world of the Flower People yet published in the British press And, for Marshall McLuhan's non-readers, skip the words and relish the pictures—five solid pages of hippie reportage in full colour

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Get hip, get Penthouse, the record-breaking magazine for men record-breaking sale (ABC 160 437), record-breaking number of colour pages, record-breaking frankness in its famous Forum and other features Also gorgeous nudes, sexy science fiction, outspoken comment, Kingsley Amis interview, violence in ancient Rome, and a final instalment of Al Capone serial

October Five shillings

John Wilcock

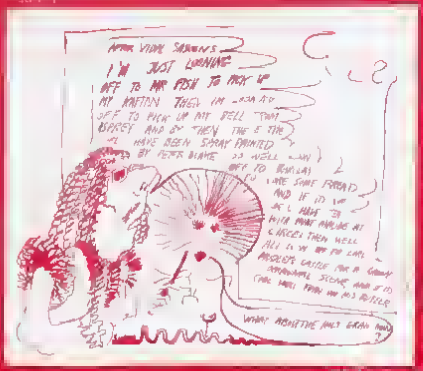
Other Scenes

Pirate radio – and its inevitable successor pirate television – could have brought down this government if the stations had stuck together at a point of principle rather than gutlessly giving up the ghost. Its advertisers, even more disgustingly, are going to great lengths to dissociate themselves even when they get free ads. Boycott all advertisers who write letters to newspapers with complaints. The irony is that there's so much money to be made from commercial radio that the next government – a Tory one, inevitably [illegible] – will [illegible] transferred to the [illegible] television will be a major [illegible] as soon as stations [illegible] from the clutches of Watts, Rigg [illegible]

The bumbling, let-the-customer-wait British telephone service introduced a curious new system a few months ago – a policy of charging 50s for uncompleted transatlantic calls that were made "collect" (i.e. transferring the charge). If, for example, you make a call to your publisher in New York and his secretary understandably won't accept the call because he's not there you'll be charged 50s for the call anyway. The bumbling, let-the-customer-wait British telephone service justifies this on the grounds that they've had to do the "work" of trying to get the call but, of course, they would have done the work anyway, and [illegible] paying for a call if it IS completed. The new system marks a subtle change in telephone company attitude: once you paid for talking to a person, now you have to pay to find out that he's not there. Will the British telephone subscriber complain? Not likely. That's why changes like this can be safely imposed.

Time Tide, which likes to think of itself as Britain's only news magazine, has undergone a facelifting recently and comes out basically Rightwing and slick but with some interesting [illegible] ingredients. It doesn't, for example, promote a straight reactionary line and some of its more simple-minded readers find this not only confusing but also infuriating. There's nothing that bothers simple, prejudiced minds more than to find some bod who shares a few of their opinions but not all of them . . . [illegible] of the Socialist Up [illegible]

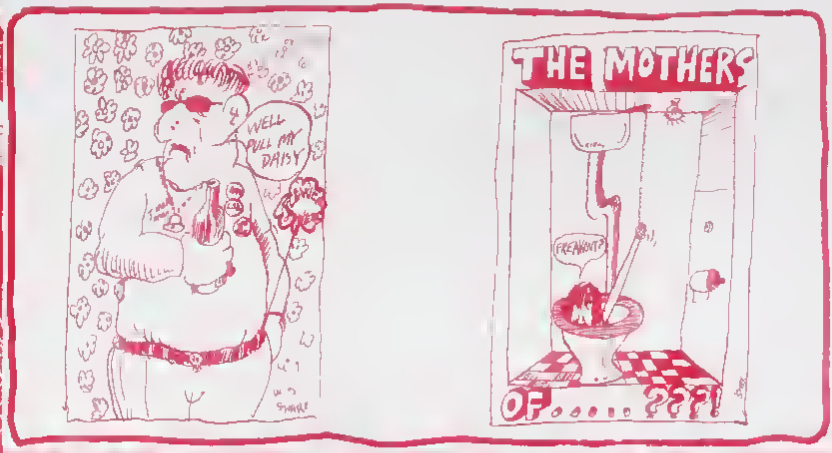
'How do you like it [illegible] Andrew Fargus, writing [illegible] (he's described as 'Scotland's most [illegible] if you care) says he's had [illegible] "Even the death of the [illegible] taught them humility [illegible] musical geniuses don't [illegible] one might suggest. Even [illegible] who heads his column [illegible] to the Beatles' . . . The publishers of the glossy mag [illegible] inder" are turning an almost-neglected [illegible] Their "Portobello Finder" (6s from [illegible] Wellington Rd, [illegible] . . . . Tom Wolfe's next book [illegible] . . . . Israel's best zoo, [illegible] Jerusalem, is building a reptile [illegible] to request from all the new Arab [illegible] is probably due to the prominent place [illegible] makes in Arab folklore" – a zoo biologist is quoted as saying in September's "Jewish Observer Middle East Review" . . . . Anthony Lejeune writing in Daily Telegraph magazine: "Without doubt this is the worst, the most dictatorial, the most unmentionable, the most incredible administration beneath which our unhappy country has languished for at least a century" . . . Insider's Newsletter says that one week before the Israeli war broke out last June the head of Israel's airforce got a call from a security officer to say, "There's a journalist here trying to file a story to tell you that we could destroy the Egyptian air force [illegible] 10 minutes. What should I do?" The journalist was Winston Churchill II and he was persuaded to drop his story.



particular must be acknowledged as a poet of greatness - far more so than say, Walt Whitman, whose influence can be detected in Dylan's early work. (It is, for example, prominent in the long, piled-up lines of 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'.)

Art, " as Collingwood somewhat pompously suggests, is the community's medicine against the worst disease of mind, the corruption of consciousness." Eliot, unquestionably, has exercised his responsibility in this direction and is very far from fighting for the captaincy of the Titanic. Dylan's claim to validity as an artist must ultimately stand or fall by his acceptance or rejection of this same responsibility. So too must the measure of his success as an artist be the quality of perception which he brings to bear in the struggle against this corruption of consciousnes

It may be said that Dylan's claim is valid and his success appreciable.




BLUEPRINT FOR A BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITY

A Review of 'The Science of Being and Art of Living' by His Holiness Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

While at first sight this might seem just a simplified variety of the westernised Hinduism that has sold fairly well over the last 100 years, His Holiness quickly distinguishes himself from such previous solvers of the problems of Man and the Universe as Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. For, while he asks for no sweat, blood or tears (his way being not straight and narrow but broad and easy), yet he promises the most amazing results. He 'deals with the fundamentals of all problems of life' and knows 'one solution to eradicate all suffering' (p. 19). While this claim itself would be enough to condemn the book for some, others may like to hear more.

His Holiness unoriginally, considers Einstein's Relativity Theory a good starting point for such an excursion and he gives it a couple of hundred words at the beginning. 'The physical sciences', he has noticed, 'inform us the whole of creation is built up of layers of energy, one inside the other'. I myself had not heard of this before, and it is a measure of His Holiness's breadth of culture that he is able to inform us in this fashion. The revolution started by Einstein has put to the scientists the view that 'there might exist some fundamental form of energy, which is absolutely stable and more subtle than any other form of energy. The relative would then arise as perturbations of this absolute energy, and all forms of physical energy would be manifestations of this absolute state of unmanifested energy' (p. 26). And indeed His Holiness is able to assure us that the scientists have not gone wrong and that there is such a fundamental form, though he first heard about it, not from the scientists, but from His Divinity Swami Brahmananda Saraswati, Jagadguru Bhagwan Shankaracharya, 'the most illustrious of the Jagadguru Shankaracharyas of India'. Manifestly, it would be irrational to reject such a congruence of the scientists of the West with His Divinity of the East.

His Holiness reiterates that it will only be possible to discover the one solution by transcendental meditation under the guidance of a teacher from the Spiritual Regeneration Movement, for which you will be charged 'one week's net income' (husband and wife treated as one, and a meditate-now-and-pay-later scheme available). It is not possible fully to understand even the published book by the light of your own unaided reason (p. 58). Recognizing this, however, there are still passages which are puzzling. For example, it is unclear how the 'fundamental form of energy' referred to above can be both 'absolutely stable' and also exhibit 'perturbations', or how anything can be a manifestation of something which is itself unmanifested.

Some of his claims, moreover, might not pass unchallenged. for example' in his discussion of architecture and money, on pp. 75-6, he says, with special reference to the money got from the sale of alcohol or tobacco, that 'any house built with it, has an over-all depressing effect'. Yet I myself know two millionaires who live in such houses, and who do not appear depressed.

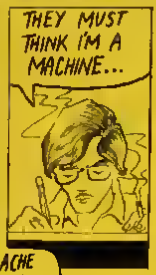
There are many other passages that are open to serious question however, set against these the book contains a lot of simple uplift after the fashion of St. Matthew's Christian Gospel (e.g., pp. 95-101). Here we are enjoined to develop all 'a loving, kind and sympathetic heart', which seems quite excellent if not wholly without adumbration. And indeed if there be any who are anxious to expose themselves to conventional Christian uplift, while doing so in a slightly exotic atmosphere, then the Spiritual Regeneration Movement may suit them very well. On the other hand, some species of Christianity specifically reject the view that life should not be a struggle (p. 255), and that it is not a simple matter to jump to glory. But all such idle cavilling is swept away by the breathtakingly beautiful suggestion, on p. 275, that God is like butter.

The conception is subtle and yet, like all supremely logical achievements, bewitching in its simplicity. The impersonal God, it seems, permeates the entire field of creation as butter permeates milk and, just as 'if the level of the butter is to be reached in milk, it is necessary to enter into the subtle strata of milk', so also the only way to realise God is 'to enter into the subtle strata of anything'. Possibly His Holiness would not claim this as the easiest passage in his book, but I do not doubt that anybody who can once understand its truth will quickly discover the one solution of all suffering.

Meanwhile, for those who cannot afford a week's wages (net) for the study of philosophy, I should recommend the Workers' Educational Association, which is now enrolling people for the next session at 25/-

CRYSTAL WINGS AND POWDERED DREAMFLAKES DUST MY PATH WITH SWEET DELUSIONS

HAMA




LET ME BACK IN! WE'VE BEEN FOUND OUT!
AKP
COME WITH US...
CATCH HIM!
GOT HIM!
TO THE ASYLUM!
JOHN NICHOLSON?
SUGAR OR AMPHETAMINE?
YOU SAY YOU WERE SEXUALLY ASSAULTED?
IT WAS THE RIPPER CONSTABLE 'E 'AD SATCHEL
WAR!!!
GOD IS THE SAME
I'M LEGAL ARE YOU?—
THEY ALL EVENTUALLY FALL INTO THE SAME BEHAVIORAL PATTERNS, CONSTRUCT THESE GROTESQUE PUPPETS TO ACT OUT THEIR ESCAPIST FANTASIES..

Andrew Fisher

Thickened Coarsened Lost elasticity

Disfigured

Wrinkled